

Prison Love (revised)

by Tombraider97

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Summary: Arica has been kidnapped by a new Covenant, and they certainly have plans for her. She meets an Elite, Vel, who is quite different from the rest of his species. But she is unsure if it is safe to trust him. And her problems only seem to increase when he's around, like how good she feels just being around him...

Prison Love (revised)

****AN:** Hey guys! Its been a while! For previous readers, here's the first chapter revised! I'll be continuing the story on here. And for new readers, I hope you enjoy this story! This story is after the Halo war and is after Halo 3. This story will eventually merge with the storyline of Halo 4. This story may be slightly AU since I've never read any of the Halo books. ******

****A** song I listened to a lot while writing this: Radioactive cover by Within Temptation. Also lots of Halo music. ******

****Btw,** I don't own Halo or anything obviously. Bungie does. Arica is mine, and so is Sam. Also the Seagull.******

Checking to make sure no one was following me, I glanced over my shoulder. It was around midnight; most of the soldiers are asleep, only a few awake to patrol the hallways. I had been studying their routes for a few weeks so I predict their movements and get to the hangar without being noticed.

I quietly approached the small, prepped spaceship. It was a Seagull, a ship designed a little smaller than a Pelican. Only one pilot was required to fly it and it had a small space where you could fit a couple of passengers. One bed, one lavatory. It was meant for traveling purposes mostly, but it was well-armored and had strong shields. I opened the cockpit and threw my packed duffel bag onto the copilot's seat. I turned around and gasped in surprise at the dirty blonde-haired boy.

"Sam! Jerk." I slapped his arm. "Don't scare my like that."

"I thought I was supposed to be quiet." He laughed quietly and touched his arm. "And ow."

I rolled my eyes. There was an awkward silence between us. I stood on my tiptoes and kissed him. "Thank you. For your help. I couldn't have managed all of this without you."

"Oh you know. What are boyfriends for? Helping their girlfriends escape her father's heavy frigate in the middle of the night, apparently." Sam shrugged. "I'm gonna miss you, Arica."

"I'll miss you too... But it's not like we'll never see each other again. I just need... to get away for a while. Go on an adventure." I mumbled.

Sam nodded. "Where will you go?"

"I don't know." I smiled. "But that's the beauty of this. Maybe Earth, maybe some small backwater planet no one's ever heard of. Who knows if I'll even make it away from this frigate."

"You will. Good luck." Sam gave me a boost to help me into the ship. "And I promise I won't say anything to your father." He took my face in his hands and I bent down to kiss him.

"I guess I can't convince you to wait for me, huh?" Sam whispered.

I smiled against his lips as I kissed him again. "I don't know, you're pretty hot." He chuckled. "We'll see each other again." I promised.

"We better. I'll open the hangar doors for you." We parted. "The cloaking device I installed should keep your ship from being detected." He turned to walk away. He exited the hangar and went to the control room to lower the hangar doors.

I hopped into the pilot's seat and started up the Seagull. I flipped a switch on the dashboard that shut the ship's door. I buckled the seat belts across my chest and flicked multiple switches to ignite the rockets. I wouldn't have much time once the hangar door was open so I prepared myself for a quick get-a-way.

Sam gave a little wave as the hangar door slid open, but I was already on my way.

A~V~A

Once I was a safe distance from the Grey Morning, I slowed down and let auto-pilot take over. I set it to navigate towards the small planet Apollo, a warm, desert world. It would buy me time to decide where I'd like to settle permanently.

I unbuckled my belts and leaned back in the chair, placing my feet on an empty space of the control board. I pulled out my Ipod from my pocket and scrolled through my music library. As rap music blared in my ears, I hoped that Sam wouldn't be punished too severely for helping me. Well, actually, hopefully they won't discover that he was

even involved, but I doubted it.

Maybe I should have brought him with me, I wondered, then shook my head. _No, I need this. To be on my own for once. _I'm twenty-one and I've never been out on my own before. I was born during the war. How my parents managed that, I have no idea. I've never had the interest in asking. I've been on military bases or on frigates for my entire life. I've been trained how to fight and defend myself. Because of the war, I never had a chance to live on an actual planet. I've been to a few, but never got to stay long. This isn't my first time trying to escape. I've always been stubborn, and because of that I'm constantly watched by soldiers.

The one thing I would regret about leaving was my mom. My mother always stood by me when Father didn't. I nearly stayed for her, but I knew she'd want me to go. I continued wondering if I had made a mistake and listening to my tunes when the entire ship suddenly jolted. I almost flew out of my seat and into the dashboard, but I grabbed the armrests. I ripped my headphones out and looked around. _What the heck? There's no way they caught up without me noticing!_ I inspected the controls and noticed most of the ship's power had been cut off, rendering it motionless. The cloaking device was completely fried as well. There was only one thing I could think of that caused this kind of damage. I gazed out the window and realized with horror that the Seagull was slowly moving up.

The Seagull was built with a small roof porthole that was usually covered up. I pulled back the metal plating hiding it and froze when I saw the Covenant ship hoering above me. It was a new type of ship. Kinda looked like it was made for scavenging. It had a circular device located on the bottom of the ship and it worked like a suction cup when my ship connected with theirs. I slammed closed the plating and pounced for my duffel bag.

I heard the sound of metal being cut behind me as I searched my bag. I pulled out the silver magnum my father had given me years ago. Preparing for a fight, I quickly loaded it and clicked the safety off. I hopped back into my seat in front of the controls, seeing if there was any way I could separate myself from the Covenant ship. To my dismay, there was nothing I could do without the power.

Behind me, piece of the metal roof fell and clanged loudly against the floor. I quick-drawn my pistol and aimed at the Grunt that had jumped down. I pulled the trigger and small alien let out a shriek of pain as it fell to the ground dead. Pointing my magnum at the hole above me, I waited for another enemy. Next, an Elite landed on the floor and I opened fire. My bullets prove useless against the Elite's shielding and it grabbed my weapon from me. I tried to switch to hand-to-hand combat, but the Elite easily incapacitated me.

I struggled, but the Sangheili's grip was too strong. It picked me up and lifted me through the opening where another Elite took me. A few moments late and the Elite came up from the Seagull with my duffel bag and threw it on the floor amidst a group of Grunts. The Elite grunted out a command in his language and the Grunts began to investigate my private bag.

A purple metal plating slide over the hole on the floor as the Covenant ship detached from the Seagull. The Elite, a Zealot with red armor, faced me.

"Identify yourself." It, he probably, demanded in a deep voice.

Yeah, like I was going to tell him. "Kerri White." I lied smoothly. The Zealot glared at me a few moments, trying to determine if my words were truth or not.

"Ooh, lookie!" A Grunt cried as it pulled out one of my fancier pair of underwear. "What is it?" It began stretching them this way and that, searching for their use. I couldn't help the red spreading across my cheeks, but I started to snicker when the Grunt decided to slip it on his head.

The other Elite, a Minor, was chuckling too while the Zealot rolled his eyes. "It is what the humans wear as undergarments." He snapped.

The Grunt squeaked and threw the delicate lingerie at another Grunt, who also screeched and dodged to avoid it. I stopped smiling. "Geez, guys, it's not like I have a disease or something. Plus, they're clean."

The Zealot, obviously impatient, snagged the duffel bag away from the Grunts before they could cause more mischief. He pulled out a smaller bag that contained my wallet, passports, and other forms of identification. _Crap._

"You might not want to open that..." I warned, quickly thinking of a reason why he shouldn't.

"Oh?" The Zealot glared at her doubtfully and unzipped my bag.

"Because... Oh! Because my lady things are in..." I watched him pull out one of my passports. _Crap._

"Grey, Arica." He read. _Of course he happened to pick the one that had my real identity. _"Perfect."

I raised an eyebrow. _What?_

The Zealot tossed my items and bag to the side. "You are the daughter of Captain Eric Grey, correct?"

Oh, sugar honey iced tea. "Who is that?" I feigned ignorance, but there was more fear in my voice than I would have liked.

"The Prophet will be most pleased. Lock her up in the brig." The Minor dragged me to a small cell, shoved me in violently, and locked the door.

I rolled over and sat up, giving the room a quick look-over to see if there was a way to escape. There wasn't. Bending my legs and pulling them close to me, I sighed and rested my chin on my knees.

What in the world was going on? I thought we had a treaty with the Sangheili? I couldn't recall a recent dispute between our species. Especially with Thel 'Vadam as the Sangheili leader. After the war, Thel quickly met with our leaders to draw up a treaty among our

species. Even now, a few Sangheili lived with our kind on planet Earth, helping rebuild the destruction. Why the sudden change of heart? Or were they planning this all along? Or perhaps there was something much larger going on? The Zealot did mention a Prophet, but as far as I knew, the Prophets no longer ruled over the other aliens.

I gave up trying to discover the mystery I caught myself in and lied down on the floor. Curling into a ball, I managed to fall asleep.

A~V~A

I awoke to the noise of the entrance door sliding open. The blue-armored Minor snatched me before I had a chance to react. The group of Covenant aliens led me out of their ship. They had landed in a large hangar. I studied the area, trying to decide where I was. We could have been on a supercarrier, but I didn't get the feeling we were flying or moving.

We traversed down many hallways and turned plenty of corners so I might as well have given up on the hope of backtracking. Many Covenant soldiers sneered at me as they passed but remained silent. I noticed something different about the Elites' armor. Most Elites had badges marking their state of rank, but those were missing and so was the Covenant insignia. In its place, a new symbol was displayed.

We entered an extravagant room where a Prophet hovered in his chair amongst his guards of Brutes and Elites. The two Elites and three Grunts bowed their heads to the Prophet and then the Zealot spoke. He spoke in his own language, but he was obviously giving the Prophet his report.

My mind began to wonder. About things like, _why is the Prophet so special? He can't even stand. He just sits in his hover chair 24/7. I wonder if he sleeps in it? What the heck does he do when he has to go to the bathroom? That chair must be pretty comfortable for you to sit in it your entire-..._

"Human!" The Prophet yelled. I shook my head and snapped out of my reverie. The Elites were looking at me as if something was wrong with me. Which there probably was. Maybe ADHD, or maybe- ... One of the Sangheili shoved me. _Whoops, there I went again_.

"Huh, what, sorry?" Why was I apologizing to the guys who kidnapped me? _Derp._

"No wonder she was so easy to capture..." The Zealot mumbled.

"You are Arica Grey, correct?" The Prophet talked as if he was disgusted to be near me.

"You already know, and I'm not going to waste my breath and confirm it." I crossed my arms.

"I suppose since you aren't going to tell us that, you're not going to give us any more information."

I checked my nails and acted as if I was bored. "Nope." I popped the 'p'.

"Hmmm..." The Prophet waved his hand. "Prepare the ritual and get her out of my sight."

Ritual? What? I questioned urgently in my mind as the two Elite guards grabbed both of my arms and began to drag me away.

A~V~A

I tried to struggle as they tugged me down the long, dark corridor, but it was in vain. I _really _didn't like the sound of this 'ritual'. I racked my brain for any knowledge of the Covenant having any rituals, but I couldn't think of anything that would involve me. Hopefully this new Covenant hadn't decided to take on the practice of sacrificing.

On the way to our destination, we passed by many cells. Most of them were empty, save a few filled with Jackals. There even a couple of caged Elites. _I wonder what they did..._ I thought absentmindedly until the Zealot shoved me for being too slow.

We made it to the end of the hallway and the door slide open with a ding. I entered a small, circular room. There were two beds positioned on each side of the room, slanted diagonally. Between the two beds was a small counter attached to the wall. There various instruments on a tray that lay on the surface. In the middle of the room, away from the beds, was a small podium with a strange box set on it. The container was white and diamond-shaped. If it was on the floor, its height would have reached my knee. A Forerunner artifact. My mother, Karen Grey, would have been intrigued.

On the first bed laid a Sangheili. This one looked different than the others. He wore shining gold armor and it was shaped unlike any I had ever seen. The helmet was similar to an Arbiter's helm. He slept soundly, as if in a coma. I wondered what they did to him and if they were planning to do the same to me.

The Zealot stood next to me and pointed to the other bed. "Lie down." He commanded.

Riiight, like that was going to happen. I paused, looking for a weapon or an escape route but my eyes caught nothing. My mind whirring, I slowly approached the bed. I glanced back over at the golden Sangheili and noticed a powered off energy sword clipped to his side. I lunged towards the first bed and wrapped my hand around the handle of the energy sword. I removed it from the comatose Elite just as the Zealot grabbed me from behind. I kicked with all my strength and desperately tried to activate the weapon. Another Elite grabbed my hand and twisted it until I had no choice but to drop the sword.

They threw me on to the second bed and held me down as I struggled. It took three Elites to hold me down, one on each arm and one grasping my legs. A fourth Sangheili picked up an injector with purple liquid from the counter. He inserted the needle into the indent of my arm. I gave up fighting, concerned if I moved too much the needle would break off inside me. Even after a few seconds, I started to feel drowsy and the Elites released me.

My vision became blurry and my actions clumsy. I started to hear

strange chanting and I looked up to see the Forerunner object surrounded by the Elites. They were speaking in their own language, but I doubted I would have been able to understand them even in my own. I finally slide into an unconscious state. But instead of blackness, I could see only white.

Thank you for reading! I apologize for any grammar, spelling, or any mistakes. I kinda made up the Seagull because I couldn't pick out a ship that I liked. I originally got the idea of the Forerunner object from Star Wars Knight of the Old Republic. There is a 'Mysterious Box' in that game that is similar to the one I've described. Please review if you can! Oh and you get a cookie if you understand Arica's "curse word" involving a common drink. :-P

End
file.